

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Domestic Review.

Illustrated by Anglo.

BY EMILY E. CHESTER.

Mother, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay, the dove is dead and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Hearst thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.
And when Night's dark shadows falling,
Low thou bowest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there.

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose many form thine eye
Lov'd full oft in pride to linger,
On whose heart thou couldst rely,
Though all other hearts desert thee,
All proved hollow, earth grow dear;
Whose protection, ever o'er thee,
Hid thee from the cold world's sneer,
Has he left thee here to struggle,
All unaided on thy way?
Nay, he still can guide and guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay;
Still when danger hovers o'er thee,
He then can lead thee to the day.
When in grief thou'rt none to pity,
He, the sainted, marks each tear.

Lover, is the light extinguished,
Of the gem that in thy heart
Hidden deeply, to thy being
All its sunshine could impart?
Look above! 'tis burning brighter
Than the very stars in heaven;
And to light thy dangerous pathway,
All its new-found glory's given.
With the sun of earth commingling,
Thus the lov'd one mayst forget;
Bright eyes flashing, tremors waving,
May have power to win thee yet;
But 'tis then that guardian spirit
Oft will whisper in thine ear,
And in silence, and at midnight,
Thou wilt know she hovers near.

Orphan, thou most sorely stricken
Of the mourners thronging earth,
Clouds half veil thy brightest sunshine,
Sadness mingles with thy mirth.
Yet all that grief becometh,
Which has pillow'd off thy head,
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Cannot rest among the dead.
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee,
Through the day, and still at night,
Hers the eye that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright.
O! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
How we weep to see them die,
All unthinking they're the angels
That will guide us to the sky!

From a picture by Luca Giordano, in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples.

A sad and lovely face, with upturned eyes,
Tears, yet full of grief—How heavenly fair!
How saintlike is the look, those features wear!
Such sorrow in the light of his gaze
Than joy itself—For underneath it lies
A calmness that betokens strength to bear
Earth's petty grievances—its toil and care—
A spirit that can look through clouded skies,
And see the blue beyond the type of the grace
That fit Her holy features, from whose womb
Issued the blessed Redeemer of our race—
How little dost thou speak of earthly gloom!
As little as the smile of the Queen of Night,
When envious clouds shut out her silver light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rydal Mount, Westmorland, Oct. 22, 1839.

From Warfaring Sketches among Greeks and Turks.

Visit to a Turkish Harem.

We shall close our extracts with one of the best descriptions of a harem that we have had from a modern traveler. It is the harem of the sultan of Widdin, one of the most populous towns of Bulgaria. That grave and important personage had been so much struck with the solemnity and politeness of the European lady-traveler, as to order her admittance to even the sultan's apartments, and she was conducted by a diuenna to her highness's chamber.

"We were interrupted by the arrival of some fifteen or sixteen young slaves, who came running into the room, laughing and talking like a party of school girls, each one pausing at the door to make me the usual salutation, and then clustering together in groups to gaze at me with the most eager interest. They all wore the same dress, and certainly it looked on them most singularly graceful, as they stood in a sort of languishing, indolent attitude, with their arms folded, and their long almond-shaped eyes, half closed. It consisted of a loose silk jacket, reaching to the waist, another underneath, of a different color, falling below the knee, and finally a pair of enormously wide trousers, either wholly red or a mixture of gay colors, which almost covered their little yellow slippers. A silk handkerchief and various other ornaments were twisted in their hair with quite as much genuine coquetry as is to be found in more civilized countries. Of all the number, only three struck me as having any great claim to beauty; but certainly creatures more lovely than they were could nowhere have been seen. Two of them were Circassians, with long fair hair and soft brown eyes; the other was a Georgian, with very dark, with beautiful features, and the most laughing expression of countenance. It was evident that she was held in great respect as the mother of a fine little boy, whom she had in her arms. All of them had their nails dyed with that odious henna, with which they disfigure their hands and feet.

Presently there was a strange shuffling noise heard without, a prodigious rustling of silk and satin, and the interpreter, hurrying in, announced the sultan. The slaves fell back, and arranged themselves in order. I rose up, and her highness entered, preceded by two negro boys, and followed by half a dozen women. She was a tall, dignified-looking person, of some five and thirty, and far from handsome. Nothing could be more splendid than her dress, or more perfectly ungraceful. She wore a pair of light blue silk trousers, so excessively large and wide, that it was with the greatest difficulty she could walk; over these, a narrow robe, of red castoreo, covered with gold embroidery, with a border of flowers, also worked in gold, at least six inches wide. This garment was about five yards long, and open at the two sides as far as the knee, so that it swept on the ground in all directions. Her waist was bound by a castoreo scarf, of great value, and from her shoulders hung an ample pelisse, of brown satin, lined with the most beautiful shibbole. Her head-dress was a silk handkerchief, embroidered with gold; and to complete her costume, she was literally covered with diamonds.

She received me in the most amiable manner, though with great staidness and dignity; and when I begged the interpreter to tell her highness how greatly I felt the honor she had done me, in inviting me to visit her, her features relaxed into a smile, and dragging herself and her load of finery to the divan, she placed herself upon it, and desired me to sit beside her. I obeyed, and had then to re-commence all the compliments and salutations I had gone through at the pasha's, with still greater energy; for I could see plainly that both herself and her slaves, who stood in a semi-circle round us, were very tenacious of her dignity, and that they watched very critically every movement I made.

I was determined, therefore, to omit no thing that should give them a high idea of

my "savoir vivre," according to their own notions, and begun by once more gravely accepting a pipe. At the pasha's, I had managed merely to hold it in my hand, occasionally touching it with my lips, without really using it; but I soon saw that, with some twenty pairs of eyes fixed jealously upon me, I must smoke here—positively and actually smoke—or be considered a violator of all the laws of good breeding. The tobacco was so mild and fragrant, that the pashana was not so great as might have been expected; but I could scarcely help laughing at the ludicrous position I was placed in, seated in state on a large square cushion, smoking a long pipe, the other end of which was supported by a kneeling slave, and bowing solemnly to the sultan between almost every whiff.

Coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet. (The most delightful of all pleasant draughts) were brought to me in constant succession, by two little negroes, and a pretty young girl, whose duty it was to present me the richly embroidered napkin, the corner of which I was expected to make use of as it lay on her shoulder, as she knelt before me. These refreshments were offered to me in beautiful crystal vases, little gold cups, and silver trays, of which my misfortune, they seemed to possess a large supply, as I was obliged to go through a never-ending course of dainties, in order that they might have an opportunity of displaying them all.

One anxious duty I felt it was quite necessary I should perform, and this was, to bestow as much admiration on the sultan's dress as I knew she would expect me to feel; I therefore exhausted all my eloquence in praise of it, to which she listened with a pleased smile, and then, to my surprise, rose up and left the room. I was afraid I had offended her; but in a few minutes after, she returned, in a new costume, equally splendid and unbecoming, and I once more had to express my enthusiasm and delight, which seemed greatly to gratify her. She then returned the compliment, by minutely inspecting my own dress; and the slaves, forgetting all ceremony in their curiosity, crowded eagerly round me.

My bonnet sadly puzzled them; and when, to please them, I took it off, they were most dreadfully scandalized to see me with my hair uncovered, and could scarcely believe that I was not ashamed to sit all day without a veil or handkerchief; they could not conceive, either, why I should wear gloves, unless it should be to hide the want of henna, with which they offered to supply me. They then proceeded to ask me of which extraordinary questions—many of which I really found it hard to answer.

My whole existence was as incomprehensible to this poor princess, vegetating from day to day within her four walls, as that of a bird in the air must be to a mole burrowing in the earth. Her life consisted, as she told me, of sleeping, eating, dressing, and bathing. She never walked further than from one room to another, and I can answer for her not having an idea beyond the narrow limits of her prison. It is a strange and most unnatural state to which these poor women are brought; nor do I wonder at the Turks, whose own detestable egotism alone causes it, should declare that they have no souls.

Her highness now sent for her children, to show them to me, which proved that I was rapidly advancing in her good graces; and, as I luckily knew well that I must not look at them without pronouncing the wish that they might live forever, in case I should have an evil eye, she was well disposed to receive all my praises of them, and to allow me to caress them. She had four little children, and the eldest of them, a boy of six years old, was so perfect a miniature of his father, that it was quite ludicrous. He was dressed exactly in the same way, wearing even a little sword; and he came in bowing with so precisely the same dignified manner, that I really should as soon have thought of offering *bons-hors* to the pasha himself as to this imposing little personage.

The sultan's affection is quite won by admiration of the children, and, with one of those sudden thoughts which do honor to the female heart in Bulgaria as well as in Britain, proposes through the interpreter, that she and her new friend should be "sisters." So they swear eternal friendship, and in earnest of the compact the lady traveler is obliged to receive a handsome diamond ring. But if she made as favorable an impression on the sultan as her book is likely to make upon her readers she deserves the sultan's gift.

NOVEL-READING MONOMANIACS.—"It is a pity that the trashy literature of the day should find readers within the walls of a college; yet it is thus that some spend too much of their valuable time. As an instance of this, I am going to repeat here a great story. A graduate of Harvard told me that, during his college life, he read three thousand volumes of fiction. 'Three Thousand!' you exclaim; 'impossible!' He must have said *three hundred*. Three thousand, he assured me, and his veracity is unquestionable. Nor did the evident regret with which he spoke of it admit of any motive to exaggerate. But let us see if it is possible; and if it be, the well-known insatiable appetite, the *mania*, of novel-reading, in some persons, makes it possible. In four years, including one leap-year, there are 1463 days; he had, then, to read but two volumes and a fraction daily. Sundays included. Rising early and reading far into the night, he was able to do this. He used, he said, to run into Boston on his feet, every evening during twilight, to the book shops and circulating libraries, to return volumes and obtain others. I had thought this an unparalleled instance in the history of novel-reading—among students I hope it is. But happening to speak of it to a friend, he mentioned the following: Being with two gentlemen at a book store in New York, at which was kept a circulating library, one of them remarked that an acquaintance of his was accustomed to read two hundred volumes of novels a year. The other thought it incredible. The first, turning to the book-seller, asked what was the largest number of volumes drawn by one person from his library, in a year. Referring to his books, he found that a certain lady had taken four hundred and fifty sets, mostly two-volume, making about nine hundred volumes. This would amount, in four years, to 3600; so that the fair one beat the collegian by six hundred."—*Recollections of College Life.*

"When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, 'You never sate on so glorious a seat.' Charles II. to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russell to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. 'But,' to use the simple narrative of his biographer, 'the multitude imagine they saw liberty and virtue sitting by his side.'—*Emerson.*

"Common people, Billy—low, ordinary, common people, can't make it out when gentlemen raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time—day in and day out—he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the window, the very gals bump him and say 'get out of the way loaf.'"
"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a letin on," continued Nollkins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; "the world's a railroad and the cars is comin'—all we'll have to do is to jump in chalked free. There will be a time—something must happen—Rich widens are about yet, though they are snuffed up so fast. Rich widens, Billy, are special providences, as my old boss used to say when I broke my nose in the entry, sent here like rats to pick up desertin' chaplains when they can't swim no longer. When you've been down twy' Billy, and are just off agin, then comes the wider a floatin' along. Why splatterdocks is nothin' to it, and a wider is the best of all life-preservers, when a man is most a case, like you and me."

"Well I'm not pertiklar, not I, nor never was. I'll take a wider, for my part if she's got the mint drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystocratic—I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they gives me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, sissy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollkins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy, such indiwiduals as them don't know human nature—but, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widens, why can't I somebody leave us a fortin'—That will do as well, if not better. Now look here—what's easier than this! I'm standin' in on the wharf—the rich man tries to go aboard of the steamboat—the niggers push him off the plank—in I jumps a splash! The old gentleman isn't drowned; but he might have been drowned both for me, and if he had a bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he definits rigger, accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. You see—that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day—can't afford to lose a chance, and I begin with the old chap would hurra about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it 'ud come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy into the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skeered, and hang on so why, I might get drowned before I had time to go to bank with the check! But what's the use of waitin'! Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon, our selves? Who'd know in the crowd?"

CONYER LAMPORE.

BY JOSEPH C. SEAL.

"Common people, Billy—low, ordinary, common people, can't make it out when gentlemen raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time—day in and day out—he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the window, the very gals bump him and say 'get out of the way loaf.'"

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"I've thought of that, Bunkers, when a man was before me that looked like the right sort. I've often said to myself, 'My friend, how would you like to be washed for nothin'?'—but Billy, there might be mistakes—perhaps when you get him out he couldn't pay. What then?"

"Why, keep a puttin' new ones in to soak every day, till you do fish up the right one. It won't do, my friend—they'd smoke the joke—all the nifflin in town would be pushin' old gentlemen into the river, and the elderly folks would have to give up travelin' by the steamboat. We must wait, I'm afraid, till the real thing happens. The right person will be sure to come along."

"I hope so; and so it happens quick. I don't much care whether it's the old man, or his little boy, or that rich widder, that gets a duckin'. I'm not proud."

"Then you'll see me come the nonsense over the old folks—who's loofer now!—and my dog will bite their cat—who's ginger-pop, and jam spruce beer, at this present writin'! I'd like to know!"

Thus, wrapped in present dreams, and future anticipations—a king that is to be—lives Nicholas Nollkins—the grand exemplar of the corner loafers. There he stations himself; for he requires a boundless prospect and a clear look-out, that by whatever route fortune chooses to approach, she may have a prompt reception. Nicholas and his tribe exist but for tomorrow, and rely firmly upon that poetic justice, which should reward those who wait patient,ly until the wheel of fortune turns up a prize.

They feel, by the generous expansion of their souls, by their impatience of ignoble toil, by their aspirations after the beautiful and nice, that their present position in society is the result of accident and inadvertency, and that, if they are not false to the nature that is within them, the time must come when the mistake will be rectified; they "shall walk in silk attire and silks have to spare," which is not by any means the case at present. All that can be expected just now, is, that they should spare other people's "siller."

LOVE OF THE SUBLIME.—A most remarkable instance of animal sagacity has occurred at the village of Rustington, near Arundel, in Sussex. Out of a lane leading from the village to the sea, a cow has been observed to emerge daily a little before high water, and to walk down on the sands, and take up a position about fifty yards from the rising tide; there she would stand, evincing every symptom of pleasure, till the waves reached her feet, and then she would very leisurely retire to her pasture again. One morning she had not been able to get to the sea side till very nearly high water, and she was seen running down the lane to the beach in great haste, as if afraid of being too late to enjoy her accustomed treat. Such an instance we believe to be unparalleled in natural history. Doubtless her sensitive ears would give due warning of the advancing waters when grazing in her quiet pasture; but it seems very difficult to account for the animal's proceedings, except we entertain the idea that it had a true perception of, and admiration for, "the sublime and the beautiful!"—*Literary World.*

A PERFECT POLITICIAN.—He was a perfect politician, and used (lapping-like) to flatter most on that place which was farthest from his eggs; exact at the concealing of his intentions, with that simulation, which some make to lie in the marches of things lawful and unlawful. He had perfect command of his passion; with the Caspian Sea never ebbs nor flowing; and would not alter his composed pace for all the whipping which satirical wit bestowed upon him.—*Fuller's Worthies.*

From the National Era.

REMARKS.

BY MRS. M. L. BAILEY.

Oh! pleasant are the memories
Of childhood's forest home,
And oft, amid the toils of life,
Like blessed dreams they come:
Of sunset hours when I lay entranced,
Mid shadows cool and green,
Watching the winged insects glance,
In summer's golden sheen:

The drowsy hum was a lullaby
To Nature's quiet sleep;
While o'er the meadow's dewy breast
The evening winds were creeping:
The ploughman's whistle heard afar,
To his humble home returning;
And faintly in the gathering shade
The firefly's lamp was burning.

Up in the old oak's pleasant shade,
Where many branches swing,
With gentle twitterings soft and low,
Nestling with fluttering wing—
Were summer birds, their tender notes
Like love's own fond caressing,
When a mother folds her little flock,
With a whispered prayer and blessing.

The cricket chirps from the hollow tree,
To the music of the rill,
And sweetly cooeth among the wood
The song of the whippoorwill.

Tinged with the last faint light of day,
A white cloud comes returning;
Flows in the azure sea above,
Like a ship on ocean's breast.

The evening star as a beacon shines,
On the far horizon's verge;
And the wind mingles through the distant pines,
Like the troubled ocean's surge.

From lowly vales the rising mist
Curls up the hill-side green,
And its summit, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Like a fairy tale is seen.

Away in the depths of ether shine
The stars, serenely bright—
Gems in the glorious diadem,
Circling the brow of night.

Our Father! if thy meeker works
This beautiful aspect
If such reverend scenes return;
Enkindle rapture here—
If to our mortal sense thou dost
The fair treasures thus unfold;
When death shall reach this earthly veil,
How shall our eyes behold.

Thy glory—when the spirit soars
Beyond the starry zone,
And in thy presence folds her wing,
And bows before thy throne:
WASHINGTON, August, 1847.

[From Sharp's Magazine.]
MOMENT.

Light dwells with shadows: mountains frown
O'er vales:
Rocks have their bases hidden from our view;
In forests profound the heaviest gales;
The hottest suns provoke the earliest dew:
Ships which shake out their white-winged
Sails, spread sails.

Feel most the blasts that in their wake pursue,
Love's sweetest strain some long-lost joy be-
wails:
The toll of many is the gain of few.

Our fairest hopes, to fall fruition grow,
In form substantial lose ideal grace;
And, as we seek to clasp in our embrace
The full robe of joy, it hath turned to stone!
Thus fade our joys! and, long as years roll on,
Their shadows measure our declining sun!

Barrow's Dialogue with a Liberal Alcibiades.

"Alcibiades.—The inhabitants of Finisterra are brave, and are all liberals. Allow me to look at your passport? Yes, all in form. Truly it was very ridiculous that they should have arrested you as a Carlist."

"Myself.—Not only as a Carlist, but as Don Carlos himself."

"Alcibiades.—Oh! most ridiculous; mistake a countryman of the grand Baintanham for such a Goth!"

"Myself.—Excuse me Sir, you speak of the grand somebody."

"Alcibiades.—The grand Baintanham. He who has invented laws for all the world. I hope shortly to see them adopted in this unhappy country of ours."

"Myself.—Oh! you mean Jereen Baintanham. Yes! a very remarkable man in his way."

"Alcibiades.—In his way! in all ways. The most universal genius which the world ever produced: a Solon, a Plato, and a Lope de Vega."

"Myself.—I have never read his writings. I have no doubt that he was a Solon; and as you say, a Plato. I should scarcely have thought, however, that he could be ranked as a poet with Lope de Vega."

"Alcibiades.—How surprising! I see, indeed, that you know nothing of his writings, though an Englishman. Now, here am I, a simple aldeale of Galicia, yet I possess all the writings of Baintanham on that shelf, and I study them day and night."

"Myself.—You doubtless Sir, possess the English language."

"Alcibiades.—I do. I mean that part of it which is contained in the writings of Baintanham. I am most truly glad to see a countryman of his in these Gothic wildernesses. I understand and appreciate your motives for visiting them: excuse the incivility and rudeness which you have experienced. But we will endeavor to make you reparation. You are this moment free; but it is late; I must find you a lodging for the night. I know one close by which will just suit you. Let us repair thither this moment. Stay, I think I see a book in your hand."

"Myself.—The New Testament."

"Alcibiades.—What book is that?"

"Myself.—A portion of the sacred writings, the Bible."

"Alcibiades.—Why do you carry such a book with you?"

"Myself.—One of my principal motives in visiting Finisterra was to carry this book to that wild place."

"Alcibiades.—Ha, ha! how very singular. Yes, I remember. I have heard that the English highly prize this eccentric book. How very singular that the countrymen of the grand Baintanham should set any value upon that old monkish book.—*Borrow's Bible in Spain.*

THE WIFE.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth; these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime against the heart, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair.

Oh! may woman, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promise she then so kindly gave. And, though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish little words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hard heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man, will soften to her charms, and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss, loved, loving, and content—the soother of the sorrowing heart—the source of comfort, and the spring of joy.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Malice looks always through a multiply-ing glass.

Thrift is the fuel of magnificence.

IVYBURY.—We all seem to love the ivy.

"The wanton ivy wreath'd in amorous twines."

More than any other uncultured evergreen that we possess; yet it is difficult satisfactorily to answer why we have this regard for it. As a lover of the lone, the ivy-mantled ruin, I have often questioned with myself the cause and basis of my regard for that, which was but a fragment of what might have been formerly splendid, and intrinsically possessed but little to engage admiration, yet wreathed in the verdure of the ivy, was admired; but was never satisfied, perhaps unwilling to admit the answer that my mind seemed to give. The ivy is a dependent plant, and delights in waste and ruin. We do not often tolerate its growth when the building is in repair and perfect; but, if time dilapidate the edifice, the ivy takes possession of the fragment, and we call it beautiful; it adorns the castle, but is an indispensable requisite to the remains of the monastic pile. There is an abbey in the North of England, which has been venerated by all its late possessors. It is trimmed, made neat, and looks, perhaps, much as it did formerly, except being in ruins. The situation is exquisite, the remains are splendid, yet with many it fails to excite such interest as it should do. It is a bare reality. A ruin in the West of England once interested me greatly. The design of revisiting it was expressed at the time. A few days only elapsed; but the inhabitant of a neighboring cottage had most kindly labored hard in the interval, and pulled down "all the nasty ivy, that the gentleman might see the ruin." He did see it, but every charm had departed. These two instances, from many that might be advanced, manifest that ivy most frequently gives to some ancient edifices the idea of beauty, and contributes chiefly to influence our feelings when viewing them. The ruins of a fortress, or warlike tower, may often historically interest us from the renown of its founder or its possessor, some scene transacted, some villain punished, here triumph, or cause promoted, to which we wished success; but the quiet, secluded, monastic cell, or chapel, has no tale to tell; history hardly stirs to note even its founder's name; and all the rest is doubt and darkness; yet, shrouded in its ivied folds, we reverence the remains, we call it picturesque, we draw, we engrave, we lithograph the ruin. We do not regard this ivy as a relic of ancient days, as having shadowed the religious recluse, and with it often, doubtless, piety and faith; for it did not hang around the building in old time, but is comparatively a modern upstart, a sharer of monastic spoils, a usurper of that which has been abandoned by another. The tendril dependent from the orient window, lightly defied in the ray which it excludes, twining with graceful ease round some slender shaft, or woven amid the tracery of the florid arch, is elegantly ornamental, and gives embellishment to beauty; but the main body of the ivy is dark, sombre, massy; yet, strip it from the pile, and we call it sacrilege, the interest of the whole is at an end, the effect ceases.

"One moment seen, then lost for ever."

Yet what did the ivy effect? what has departed with it? This evanescent charm perhaps consists in the obscurity, in the so-far of light it occasioned, in hiding the bare reality, and giving to fancy and imagination room to expand, a plaything to amuse them.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

NATURALIST'S AUTUMNAL WALK.—The little excursions of the naturalist, from habit and from acquirement, become a scene of constant observation and remark. The insect that crawls, the note of the bird, the plant that flowers, or the vernal green leaf that peeps out, engages his attention, is recognized as an intimate, or noted from some novelty that it presents in sound or aspect. Every season has its peculiar product, and is pleasing or admirable, from causes that variously affect our different temperaments or dispositions; but there are accompanying elements in an autumnal morning's woodland walk, that call for all our notice and admiration: the peculiar feeling of the air, and the solemn grandeur of the scene around us, dispose the mind to contemplation and remark; there is a silence in which we hear every thing, a beauty that will be observed. The stump of an old oak is a very landscape, with rugged alpine steeps bursting through forests of verdant mosses, with some pale, denuded, branchless lichen, like a scathed oak, creeping up the sides or crowning the summit. Rambling with unfettered grace, the tendril of the briony (tanus communis) festoon with its brilliant berries, green, yellow, red, the slender sprigs of the hazel, or the red; it ornaments their plainness, and receives a support its own feebleness denies. The agave, with all its hues, its shades, its elegant variety of forms, expands its cone sprinkled with the freshness of the morning; a transient fair, a child of decay, that "sprung up in a night, and will perish in a night." The squirrel, agile with life and timidity, gamboling round the root of an ancient beech, its base overgrown with the dewberry (rubus cæsius), blue with unallured fruit, impeded in his frolic sports, half angry, darts up the silvery bole again, to peep and wonder at the strange intruder on his haunts. The jay springs up, and screaming, tells of danger to her brood; the noisy titube repeat the call, are hushed, and leave us; the loud laugh of the woodpecker, joyous and vacant; the hammering of the nutcracker (sitta europæa), cleaving its prize in the chink of some dry bough; the hum-blebee, torpid on the disk of the purple thistle, just lifts a limb to pray forbearance of injury, to ask for peace, and bid us

"Leave him, leave him to repose."

The cinquefoil, or the vetch, with one lingering bloom yet appears, and we note it from its loneliness. Spreading on the light foliage of the fern, dry and mature, the spider has fixed her toils, and motionless in the midst watches her expected prey, every thread and mesh beaded with dew, trembling with the zephyr's breath. Then falls the "sere and yellow leaf," parting from its spray without a breeze tinkling in the boughs, and rustling scarce audibly along, rests at our feet, and tells us that we part too. All these are distinctive symbols of the season, marked in the silence and sobriety of the hour; and form, perhaps, a deeper impression on the mind, than any afforded by the verdant promises, the vicinities of spring, or the gay, profuse luxuriance of summer.

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DR. ANDREW PERNE.—This dean chanced to call a clergyman a fool (who indeed was little better); who returned, "that he would complain thereof to the lord bishop of Ely." "Do," said the dean, "when you please; and my lord bishop will confirm you."—*Fuller.*

A diamond is best when set in gold; and goodness is most illustrious when supported with